

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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No. 196.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1835.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## GIVING.

Good old Mrs Bishop, as some people called her, might have been described, like Falstaff, as one suffering a perpetual thaw. A gentlewoman composed of ice, taking a walk on a summer day, could not have diffused herself more liberally over the ground by her side, than did she. She rained gifts and benefits. They dropped from hand, from lap, from tongue. Yet those who knew Mrs Bishop intimately, as I did, knew that she was not in reality a benevolent woman. She imposed only upon strangers, and was generally found out before the second present. At your first visit to her, she would scarcely suffer you to depart without some substantial mark of her kindness—something, probably, for which you had not the least use or regard, which you felt would only encumber you in going home, and also when you were at home, and which you only at last were prevailed on to take, that you might not offend the good old soul, whose whole comfort in life seemed to depend on her becoming your benefactor. I have known a lady acquaintance leave her house with half a large cheese stuffed into her muff, or sinking beneath the weight of a huge chimney-piece ornament, which she had happened to admire, and which Mrs Bishop insisted on thrusting under her cloak as she was bidding her adieu. On further acquaintance, however, Mrs Bishop was found full of complaints respecting her friends for wishing things from her. "I have just had a call," she would say, "from Mr and Mrs Watson, and, as ill luck would have it, my fine new work-box was on the table. Mrs Watson admired it so much that I could not but take the hint; and so, what do you think, the odious creature has got it away with her!" Or it would be—"Well, who have been here but the Scrimgers! I could not but offer them lunch, you know; and there they have eaten me up the cold grouse I intended for my own dinner—and you know I'm so fond of grouse—besides drinking one of my *most particular* bottles of porter. I'm sure such guzzlers some people are." On another occasion: "I have just been paying Mrs Scillie a first visit after her confinement. I could not go, of course, empty-handed. So I took an Ayrshire-work body of a frock for the baby, and half-a-crown for the nurse. I could not offer a cap, you know, for I gave that the last time. I'm sure I wish Mrs S. would not put her friends under contribution just so very often. I think this makes three baby presents in the four years. It is really too bad of her. Her sister, too, is about to be married. I can't get off there for less than a China vase, or some such thing—which will absolutely ruin me. I believe I shall die a beggar at last." You could not see her at any time, but she had a story to tell of people who had coveted her shawl, or her lapdog, or her pot of flowers, and to whom she had consequently been obliged to surrender the article in question—unconscionable creatures that they were. Or it was, that those strange people, the Nicholsons, were to have a party, and, as they had no silver tea-set, she had been obliged to offer a loan of hers, which, really, to tell the truth, she grudged very much, as the things never came back exactly as they went away. But then she was sure that they would ask it of her, and she thought it best, of course, to offer it, as that was a greater favour. Whereas the truth in every one of these cases was, that she had forced—positively forced every one of these gifts and favours upon the individuals referred to—the work-box upon Mrs Watson, the grouse and porter upon the Scrimgers, the Ayrshire-work body of a frock upon Mrs Scillie, and the loan of the silver tea-set upon the Nicholsons, all of whom would have been glad to give something to avoid the infliction of

her beneficence, if any thing could have purchased such a blessed exemption.

It may well seem strange that one who grudged the bestowal of her property so much, should not have reserved it for herself, or at least that she should have persisted in making herself remarkable as a present-giver. Mrs Bishop might have passed through life very creditably without making a single benefaction, for, as she was a widow in only tolerable circumstances, nothing was expected from her. But, instead of this, she never saw a friend's eye alight upon an article in her dwelling, without doting it away, and that with an air of so much cordiality, and with such persevering solicitation, that people usually at last thought it necessary to accept, in order to spare her feelings; though ten minutes would not elapse till she taxed them mentally, or to some other friend, with having compelled her, against her will, to resign an article on which she set all kinds of value. In what way are we to account for or reconcile peculiarities of character apparently so self-contradictory?

The simple truth is, that Mrs Bishop did not give from a spirit of benevolence. In her benefactions, she never contemplated relieving any one from distress, or even adding to their comfort; she only thought of adding to her own consequence, or laying up a treasure in hands from which she had reason to expect its being paid back at some future time with interest. It was remarked that she never gave any thing more than usual to poor people: an old unmarried female friend, who lived as a boarder in a neighbouring house, and had no means of giving entertainments, visited Mrs Bishop frequently enough, without ever once being troubled with a present. There would have been neither eclat nor profit from a donation in that quarter. The favourite objects of Mrs Bishop's beneficence were persons in considerably better circumstances than herself—comfortable married people, who kept large well-furnished, well-provisioned houses, and cultivated "good" society. Not being able, from her own solitary and comparatively scanty way of living, to maintain an exact reciprocity with these people, she did the next best: she took every opportunity of imposing upon them some awkward and unexpected gift—something which she might be supposed to suffer a great deal in parting with, and which might accordingly impress them with an overpowering sense of obligation, not to be escaped from for less than a whole twelvemonth of occasional hospitality. The cordiality with which she appeared to give these presents, was partly a flutter of vanity and ostentation, and partly a paroxysm of that gratitude which consists in a lively anticipation of favours to come. She seemed, on such occasions, something more than her usual self. Her eye beamed, her breast expanded, she walked about like a very queen. She had done a favour. She had for a moment subjugated one whom she usually regarded as a superior. But this elated feeling lasted only for a little while. The receding tide of pleasure presently left a cold and dreary beach. And the next person who visited her, found her, in the dull hour of reaction, declaiming against the sordid greed of the gift-tormented individual, who, she now thought, had taken advantage of what she supposed to be her fond good nature, and robbed her of one of the things she most appreciated upon earth.

Let us not, however, be unjust to Mrs Bishop. Her givings were of a kind by no means uncommon, so that, if having companions in error form any excuse, she ought to have the full benefit of it. To give where nothing is needed, and even gratitude can scarcely be expected, is not much less common than to withhold

where a little would do real good. When George IV. visited Scotland, he was overwhelmed with presents. One gentleman sent him venison, another moorfowl, and even the poor endeavoured to reach him with their humble offerings. Several curious works of art, which had cost years of labour, were laid at his feet, and one colossal author almost smothered him beneath a set of his works. It was not benevolence, any more than in the case of Mrs Bishop, which prompted these individuals to bestow their favours on the king. It was mere desire of approbation, and the pleasure which one has in the thanks of a notable man—perhaps a hope of getting some still more substantial mark of the royal favour. One of the works of art was of a kind which, if placed in some open public institution, might have not only gratified, but instructed the people at large. But, with the constructor, the eclat of a king's thanks was more desirable than the consciousness of having conferred a benefit upon the multitude of his subjects; and, accordingly, after being perhaps very cursorily inspected by one who was unable to appreciate it, it was taken away, and immured in a place where it has never since been heard of. A late eminent poet and novelist was in the habit of receiving copies of almost all the new books which were published, not one-tenth of which did he ever open: they were periodically sold amongst the weddings of his library. It cannot be doubted, that, in few of these cases, was the donor animated by a desire of obliging; he only wished to attract a little attention to himself, from one whose slightest word, if not positively reproving, he was disposed to regard as a pleasure.

In favours of many other kinds, the same false motives may be detected. One who has been prosperous in life removes into a fine house, and, not content with enjoying it himself, he must collect a number of his old friends, in order to dazzle them with a sense of his fresh-blown greatness. He accordingly, with much apparent kindness, conducts them through all the rooms, explains to them every article of curiosity and every work of art, and even perhaps condescendingly informs them of the price of some of the more expensive articles. At the proper time, he introduces them to a magnificent banquet, and presses them to indulge without restraint in every luxury which they see before them. They are afterwards taken into another room, where his daughters delight them with the finest music, both vocal and instrumental; a hint, moreover, being given that Eliza studied under Moscheles at twelve guineas for six lessons. Finally, when every thing has been done to gratify them, the guests are sent home in a comfortable carriage, which they recognise to be exactly the same with that used by the chief nobleman of the county. The host then retires to rest, very happy, and convinced that his happiness arises from having conferred a kindness on his old friends. But, in truth, his delight is purely that of gratified vanity; and, so far from rejoicing in having given pleasure to his friends, he rejoices in having afflicted them with a sense of his superior wealth, taste, and consequence.

The whole of the attachments which take the name of friendship, and which usually consist in an apparent interchange of kind offices, are apt to be founded on sentiments very different from those which are qualified to constitute real friendship. Such attachments often take their rise from accidental connections in business, which prove advantageous to both parties, and cause each to look upon the other with favour. The connection continuing for some time to be mutually profitable, the favour with which they behold each other ripens into what is called an intimacy,

and they then consider themselves as attached friends. But, in reality, the only sentiment on which their friendship rests is the desire of money-making common to both, and, let the least derangement take place in their prospects of profit, they at once become to each other no more than they were before the commencement of their connection, or, if their interests clash, bitter enemies. In domestic, and more especially what is called fashionable life, friendships are formed every day upon equally false bases. Two individuals, nearly equal in circumstances, and neither of whom possesses any large share of the higher sentiments, find each other's society very agreeable. They are able to entertain each other occasionally, by which one of the pleasures of the world is secured, and they experience a mutual solacement in the éclat of being acquainted with each other. Suppose one of the parties to fall suddenly into poverty, and to be consequently deserted by his "friend." He would be sure to rail at not only that individual, but at the whole world, and conceive himself to be the victim of the most shameful inconstancy and ingratitude. But most assuredly he would have no right to do so. The attachment was founded only on a selfish sentiment, and one which, even in the day of prosperity, was incapable of manifesting true kindness. Such friendships, like holiday gewgaws, are designed only to last their day, and we have no cause to complain, if "in a little week" we find them to have resumed their pristine character of mere trash.

It is obvious, and yet not sufficiently known to mankind, that we can only hope for good fruits from acts of beneficence which we perform, and sentiments of friendship which we manifest, under the influence of the moral sentiments. Not that we should look for grateful returns from the objects of our beneficence: the true gratitude is the doing of like good turns to others, not the paying of a retributive and deluding homage to the fellow-being who has chanced to be enabled to serve us. But it is only from benefactions made under the spirit of pure benevolence that we can expect the self-repaying pleasure which springs from that noble sentiment. In like manner, it is only from attachments in which we are animated by a disinterested desire of the welfare of one whom judgment pronounces worthy of love and honour, that we can hope for the solacement of true friendship.

#### THE DWELLINGS OF WANDERING TRIBES.

MANY of the tribes of mankind, when they emerged from the primitive ignorance of savage life, forsook caves, the hollow trunks of trees, jungle or other natural covers, and before erecting and settling in cabins or cottages as agriculturists or fishermen, dwelt in portable tents, as did Noah, Abraham, and other patriarchs, and as the Arabs of the desert and Tartars do till the present day.

The tent of such partially civilised wanderers may be described as being a moveable lodging, formed of such materials as skins of animals or cloth, spread over one or more standard poles, for giving shelter in the open fields from the injuries of the weather. Its construction even in its original simplicity required some ingenuity and skill. The inhabitants of Syria are by all authors supposed to have been the first people who made use of tents. They originally consisted of a stick or pole placed upright in the ground, with a covering of the undressed skins of animals, or other rough materials cast over the top of it. In the course of time, this people, as an improvement on the original form of their tents, sometimes used two poles or standards as supports, which gave them an oblong figure; and on the value of raw hides becoming well known as a cover for keeping out rain, and attention being turned to dressing or currying them, so that in the tents there might be no unpleasant smell, they commonly put over them a cover of leather, or skins so well sewed together as to keep out wet; and the trade of a tentmaker turned out to be both reputable and lucrative. In more modern times there has been used a single covering of black haircloth made of a web of goats'-hair, a covering which is coarse and mean, but which effectually keeps out rain and dew.

The tents which the Arabs use generally, at the present day, are supposed to be very similar in their construction to those of the ancient inhabitants of Syria during the ages of the patriarchs. They are of an oblong figure, and their covering is supported with one, two, or three poles, according to their size. It is composed of coarse goats'-hair; hence it is that the Arabs call their tents houses of hair. They are kept steady and firm by bracing or stretching down the eaves or edges of the covering to the ground with cords tied to wooden pins, of the shape of hooks, which are well pointed, and driven into the ground with a mallet or wooden hammer. In these homely dwell-

ings, the Arabian shepherds, surrounded by their families, repose on the bare ground or on a mat. There is no aperture but the door for the escape of the smoke. Camels'-hair cloth is not unfrequently used as a coverlet, and a curtain or carpet is sometimes hung from the top, dividing the tent into separate apartments.

Mr Buckingham gives a description of the better sort of eastern tents, in his *Travels in Mesopotamia*, an extensive and interesting province of Asia, situated between the Euphrates and Tigris. On one occasion he inspected the tent of a sheik, or chief, who was commanding a tribe of Turcomans wandering in the vicinity of Aleppo, the capital of Syria. It occupied a square space of about thirty feet, and was composed of one large awning, supported by twenty-four small poles placed in four rows, with six poles in each row, and the ends of the awning were drawn out by cords fastened to pegs or tent-pins in the ground. The top of each of the poles gave a pointed form to the part of the awning which it supported, and the outside of the tent had the appearance of numerous umbrella tops, or small Chinese spires. The square space was not entirely surrounded by the awning, but was left partly open in front and at the sides; and within the tent there was a partition composed of reeds, and covered with matting, which enclosed an apartment for the females of the family.

Although the haircloth tents of the Arabs are generally black, yet they are sometimes striped black and white, and are sometimes dusky brown. In Persia they are of the same colours; and the people of the nations surrounding the Arabs and Persians have tents of various hues, placed here and there among these dark-coloured ones. In Palestine, the tents of the Turcomans are covered with white cloth of linen, and those of the Turks with green or red cloth of the same material; and this variety of colours very much pleases the eye of the stranger travelling among them. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the Turcomans and Turks are principal races of the Tartars, and that the Turcomans differ from the Turks in having preserved uncorrupted their Asiatic origin. It has been often observed, that in Tartary the tents of the different races are much more lofty and commodious than those in other parts of Asia—as Cabul, in Hindostan, and Thibet, between Hindostan and China.

With respect to the site for pitching tents, it has to be remarked, that, in Asia, where they have ever been most in use, the people love to place them under the shade of thick and spreading trees, whenever circumstances will permit, as cool and refreshing shade is an essential requisite for comfort in the warm countries of that quarter of the globe; Abraham's tent, we are told, was pitched under a tree in the plains of Mamre. In looking about and determining on the spot best for the purpose, it is a desirable object to find out such trees as are of a fragrant nature, as well as shady, of which sort the citron-tree affords an example. The fruit is also an inducement for preferring such as fig-trees, palm-trees, or vines.

To exemplify the ease with which wandering tribes in the different quarters of the globe may put up tents sufficient for screening them from the weather, it may not be amiss to allude to the guides for travellers on the Andes, an immense chain of lofty mountains which extend through all South America. The number of lads who undertake the conveyance of travellers across these mountains by means of beasts of burden, is very considerable. Fifty or sixty of them are at times met in a file. They have frequently to pass through desolate forests, which, in the most favourable seasons, cannot be traversed in less than about twelve days; and in their route no hut is to be seen where any sustenance can be procured. It is impossible for these lads to carry poles for tents over so stupendous, and, in many places, precipitous mountains; they, therefore, like all the rest of mankind, whether civilised or uncivilised, accommodate themselves to their external surrounding circumstances with respect to shelter, and carry with them merely the light covering for tents. That travellers may be protected from the inclemency of the weather while they are sojourning in these waste tracts, the party of guides take care, before setting out on their expeditions, to provide themselves with several hundreds of the broad leaves of the banana plant, which they pluck on the mountains. These are of an oval shape, and are about twenty inches long and fourteen broad. When the travellers reach a dry spot where they wish to spend the night, the guides lop a few branches from the trees, with which they construct a tent. It requires but a few minutes for dividing this outward slight timber work into different squares, by means of the stalks of a climbing plant, and by the threads or fibres of the leaves of the agave, a species of aloe. The banana leaves are then unrolled and spread over the frame in such a manner that they cover each other like the tiles of a house.

These hastily built tents are very commodious; and we have the testimony of the celebrated traveller Humboldt, that he passed several days in one of them, and that they are perfectly dry amidst violent and incessant rain.

What passes in modern days when the tents of a horde are taken down to be removed to another verdant situation, has been well described by Parson, in his *Travels from Aleppo to Bagdad*; and the scene which he witnessed and explained of the migration of a horde of Arabs, has been supposed to convey a lively idea of the patriarchal times. Indeed, it is remarkable, but true, that the customs and manners of the patriarchs, even the very feelings prevalent among them, are found unchanged at this day in the tents of Arabian sheiks or chiefs. In decamping, the shepherds and goatherds go first, with their flocks in separate divisions, according to the directions of the chiefs or heads of the different families; then follow the camels and asses, loaded with the tents, cooking utensils, and all their furniture; these are succeeded by the old men, women, boys and girls, on foot. The children that cannot walk are brought along on the backs of the young women, or by the boys and girls; and the smallest of the lambs and kids are carried under the arms of the children. To each tent belong from ten to fourteen dogs or greyhounds, and from twenty to thirty men, women, and children. The procession is closed by the chief of the tribe, who is mounted on the best horse, and surrounded by the heads or chiefs of each family. While they are migrating, there is a partition between each family of about a hundred yards; and so great regularity is preserved, that the camels, asses, sheep, and goats, never mix with one another, but keep to the division to which they belong, without the least trouble. At set times a chapter in the Koran is read by the chief of each family at each tent, while all the members of it are gathered round him, and listening with profound attention.

The caravans or companies of travellers, merchants, and pilgrims, who, for their greater security, march like an army under command of a chief, in a body, with fire-arms, through the deserts of Arabia, and such dangerous places infested with plundering Arabs and other robbers, encamp with their tents every night near wells or rivulets known to the guides. But they often prefer travelling during the coolness of the night. Some of the camels have bells about their necks and some about their legs, which, with the continual singing of the servants, make the journey pass away pleasantly enough. For the women, children, or those who happen to fall sick, six or eight camels are yoked together abreast in a row, and several of the tent poles are placed across their backs parallel to one another; these are covered with carpets, and bags of corn are put on above to make a level floor, as well as to soften the harshness of the movements of the camels: over the bags other carpets are then spread, upon which delicate or sick travellers sit or lie during their journey, with as much convenience and ease as if they rested on a couch.

When the tents of the Tartars, to the number of from twenty to fifty, are conveyed about from one spot to another, over their boundless plains, in covered waggons of a conical shape, which contain their wives and children, the animated group suggests to the mind the idea of a moveable village. And when the immense pampas or plains of Buenos Ayres, in South America, are traversed by travellers, they live in carts or covered waggons, drawn by oxen, which are almost as commodious as a house. They have regular doors and windows, and the passengers sleep very comfortably upon mattresses on the floor. Like to these, but probably better and more comfortable, are the houses upon wheels, in which the keeper of a menagerie of wild beasts transports his family, along with himself, from one city to another.

In Asia, people who have houses in towns often dwell for luxury in tents during summer. This has ever been particularly the case with persons of distinction. History informs us, for instance, that Tahmasp, a Persian monarch, and his successors, used, after having spent the winter at Casbin, a city of Persia, to retire in summer into the country, and live in tents at the foot of Mount Alouvent, a place which is remarkable for its cool and pleasant retreats. And it was an ancient custom, on the annual joyful occasion of sheep-shearing, for the master and all his servants to forsake their usual dwellings, and reside under tents in the open air. In Asia, also, there are summer villages of tents erected for temporary use by country people, on account of their flocks; and in Barbary, the tribes of the Moors, like those in Arabia, form itinerant villages of tents.

Many of the rudest tribes of mankind, as well as the more civilised and refined nations, have thus different sorts of habitations for different seasons of the year. As soon as the snow melts about the beginning of May, the Greenlanders quit their winter dwellings and erect tents. They inhabit the north-eastern extremity of North America, and are supposed to be a branch or tribe of the Esquimaux or Samoides. Of tents the Greenlanders have two sorts. The one is of a more solid construction, and is a fixed summer residence; the other consists of a few poles with the raw hides of beasts or the smooth skins of the dog-fish sewed together and spread over them, and they being of a lighter construction, can be easily removed from place to place. The Laplanders have two kinds of



houses, one for summer and another for winter. Their summer abodes are moveable tents, and are generally composed of six poles or beams meeting in a point at the top, and are covered with skins, or coarse thick cloth or felt. A flap left loose between two of the beams serves as the door. A small space in the middle of the tent is surrounded with stones for the fire. By an aperture at the top the smoke escapes, not, however, till the tent has been filled with its fumes. On the smoke the Laplander sets a high value, as being, in this his summer dwelling, a protection, during the extreme heat, against the swarms of mosquitoes, as it is, in his winter abode, against the cold. Enveloped in the fumes, he and his family lie or sit on their heels in idleness all the time they can spare from their labour.

The Tungoures or Tunguts, an indigenous or thoroughly native race, inhabiting the east part of Siberia, in Asiatic Russia, have no settled abodes, but roam about in search of game and fish, or from the mere love of change, seldom remaining more than six days in one spot. Their youths or summer tents are formed of a few poles or spars, arranged in a circle, with a conical roof, covered sometimes with skins or hair and rubbish, sometimes with the bark of the willow, which, after being exposed for a while to the vapour of boiling water, becomes as pliable as the skins of animals. And the summer cabins of the *Estiaks*, another native Siberian tribe, are portable tents of the shape of a bell or bee-hive, covered with pieces of bark sewed together, which are well suited by their lightness for migrations along the banks of rivers.

### THE DEAL BOATMEN.

[In the 106th number of the Quarterly Review, published in April 1835, is an article on English Charities, written by a gentleman who states, that, in order to be fitted for his task, he spent four months in constant attendance upon the assistant commissioner appointed to introduce the new regulations for the poor into East Kent. A portion of this article consists of the following account of the Deal boatmen; the introduction of which in this place will, we hope, serve a better purpose than that of entertaining our readers.]

HAVING been assured by various classes of people, as well as convinced by documents, that the Deal boatmen were in a state almost of famine, the assistant commissioner felt it his duty to look with considerable attention into their case. "How they manage to live," said the overseer of the parish, "God only knows!" "I can solemnly assure you they are starving," exclaimed one of the magistrates. "It's them floating lights that government has put on the Goodwin sands which has ruined 'em," observed a short, fat, puffy shopkeeper, a radical advocate for what he called the freedom of mankind. Finding that all people in different terms corroborated the same evidence, we strolled down to the beach, and endeavoured to get into conversation with the boatmen themselves, but from them we could not extract one word of complaint. Yet their countenances told plainly enough what their tongues disdained to utter—in short, it was evident that they were subsisting on low diet.

Dressed in blue jackets and trousers, they were sitting before their houses of call, loitering in groups on the beach, or leaning against the boats, while their tattered canvass clothing, apparently stiff enough to have walked alone, was hanging against the low clinker-built hovels which sheltered their best sails, oars, &c. from the weather. Excepting a wind-bound fleet, riding at anchor, with heads, like cavalry horses, all pointing the same way, there was not a vessel in sight, and their prospects altogether, certainly, did appear about as barren as the shingle under their feet. "I am afraid you are badly off now-a-days, my men?" said the assistant commissioner to four able-looking seamen who were chewing (instead of tobacco, which they would have liked much better) the cud of reflection. He received no answer—not even a nod or a shake of the head. Finding there was no wisdom in the multitude, we returned to the inn; and having previously learnt that George Phillpotts was one of the most respectable, most experienced, as well as most daring of the Deal boatmen, we sent a messenger for him, and in about twenty minutes the door of our apartment opened, and in walked a short, clean-built, mild-looking old man, who, in a low tone of voice, very modestly observed, that he had been informed we wished to speak with him.

At first we conceived that there must have been some mistake, for the man's face did not look as if it had ever seen danger, and there was a benevolence in it, as well as a want of animation in his small blue eyes, that appeared totally out of character with his calling. His thin white hair certainly showed that he had lived long enough to gain experience of some sort, but until he answered that his name was Phillpotts, we certainly did think that he was not our man.

"Well, George, what shall it be?" we said to him, pointing to a large empty tumbler on the table. He replied that he was much obliged, but that he never drank at all, unless it was a glass of grog or so about eleven o'clock in the morning; and strange as it may sound, nothing that we could say could induce him to break through this odd arrangement. As the man sat perfectly at his ease, looking as if nothing could either elate or depress him, we had little difficulty in explaining to him what was our real object in wishing to know exactly how he and his comrades were faring.

On our taking up a pencil to write down his answers, for a moment he paused; but the feeling, whatever it was, only dashed across his mind like the spray of a sea, and he afterwards cared no more for the piece of black-lead, than if it had been writing his epitaph.

In answer to our queries, he stated that he was sixty-one years of age, and had been on the water ever since he was ten years old. He had himself saved, in his lifetime, off the Goodwin Sands, rather more than a hundred men and women; and on this subject, no sooner did he enter into details, than it was evident that his mind was rich in pride and self-satisfaction. Nothing could be more creditable to human nature, nothing less arrogant, than the manly animation with which he exultingly described the various sets of fellow-creatures, of all nations, he had saved from drowning. Yet on the contra side of his ledger he kept as faithfully recorded the concluding history of those, whose vessels, it having been out of his power to approach, had foundered on the quicksands only a few fathoms from his eyes. In one instance, he said, that, as the ship went down, they suddenly congregated on the fore-castle like a swarm of bees; their shrieks, as they altogether sank into eternity, seemed still to be sounding in his ears.

Once, after witnessing a scene of this sort, during a very heavy gale of wind, which had lasted three days, he stretched out to the southward, thinking that other vessels might be on the sands. As he was passing, at a great distance, a brig which had foundered two days before, with all hands on board, its masts being, however, still above water, he suddenly observed and exclaimed, that there was something "like lumps" on the foremast which seemed to move. He instantly bore down upon the wreck, and there found four sailors alive, lashed to the mast. With the greatest difficulty he and his crew saved them all. Their thirst (and he had nothing in the boat to give them) was, he said, quite dreadful. There had been with them a fifth man, but "his heart had broken;" and his comrades seeing this, had managed to unlash him, and he fell into the breakers.

In saving others, Phillpotts had more than once lost one or two of his own crew; and in one case he explained, with a tear actually standing in the corner of each eye, that he had lately put a couple of his men on board a vessel in distress, which in less than ten minutes was on the sands. His men, as well as the whole crew, were drowned before his eyes, all disappearing close to him. By inconsiderately pushing forwards to save his comrades, his boat got between two banks of sands, the wind blowing so strong upon them that it was utterly impossible to get back. For some time the three men who were with him insisted on trying to get out. "But," said Phillpotts, who was at the helm, "I told 'em, my lads, we're only prolonging our misery, the sooner it's over the better!" The sea was breaking higher than a ship's mast over both banks, but they had nothing left but to steer right at their enemy.

On approaching the bank, an immense wave to windward broke, and by the force of the tempest was carried completely above their heads; the sea itself seemed to pass over them, or rather, like Pharaoh, they were between two. "How we ever got over the bank," said Phillpotts, who, for the first time in his narrative, seemed lost, confused, and incapable of expressing himself, "I can tell no man!" After a considerable pause, he added, "It was just God Almighty that saved us, and I shall always think so."

On the surface of this globe, there is nowhere to be found so inhospitable a desert as the "wide blue sea." At any distance from land there is nothing in it for man to eat; nothing in it that he can drink. His tiny foot no sooner rests upon it; than he sinks into his grave; it grows neither flowers nor fruits; it offers monotony to the mind, restless motion to the body; and when, besides all this, one reflects that it is to the most fickle of the elements, the wind, that vessels of all sizes are to supplicate for assistance in sailing in every direction to their various destinations, it would almost seem that the ocean was divested of charms, and armed with storms, to prevent our being persuaded to enter its dominions. But though the situation of a vessel in a heavy gale of wind appears indescribably terrific, yet, practically speaking, its security is so great, that it is truly said ships seldom or never founder in deep water, except from accident or inattention. It is not from the ocean itself that man has so much to fear; it can roar during the tempest, but its bark is worse than its bite; however, although the earth and water each afford to man a life of considerable security, yet there exists between these two elements an everlasting war, a dog and cat battle, a husband and wife contention, into which no passing vessel can enter with impunity; for of all the terrors of this world, there is surely no one greater than that of being on a lee-shore in a gale of wind, and in shallow water. On this account, it is natural enough that the fear of land is as strong in the sailor's heart as his attachment to it; and when, homeward bound, he day after day approaches his own latitude, his love and his fear of his native shores increase as the distance between them diminishes. Two fates, the most opposite in their extremes, are shortly to await him. The sailor-boy fancifully pictures to himself that in a few short hours he will be once again nestling in his mother's arms. The able seaman better knows that it may be decreed for him, as it has been decreed for thousands, that in gaining his point he shall lose its

object—that England, with all its verdure, may fade before his eyes, and

"While he sinks, without an arm to save,  
His country bloom, a garden and a grave!"

We suppose it is known to most of our readers that there exists, on the shores of Deal, a breed of amphibious human beings, whose peculiar profession it is to rush to the assistance of every vessel in distress. In moments of calm and sunshine, they stand listlessly on the shore, stagnant and dormant, like the ocean before them; but when every shopkeeper closes his door, when the old woman, with her umbrellas turned inside out, feels that she must either lose it or go with it to heaven; when the reins of the mail-coachman are nearly blown from his hand, and his leaders have scarcely blood or breeding enough to face the storm; when the snow is drifting across the fields, seeking for a hedgerow against which it may sparkle and rest in peace; when whole families of the wealthy stop in their discourse to listen to the wind rumbling in their chimneys; when the sailor's wife, at her tea, hugs her infant to her arms, and, looking at its father, silently thanks heaven that he is on shore;—THEM has the moment arrived for the Deal boatmen to contend, one against another, to see whose boat shall first be launched into the tremendous surf. As the declivity of the beach is very steep, and as the greased rollers over which the keel descends are all placed ready for the attempt, they only wait a moment for what they call "a lull," and then cutting the rope, the bark, as gallantly as themselves, rushes to its native element. The difficulty of getting into deep water would amount sometimes almost to an impossibility, but that word has been blotted from their vocabulary; and although some boats fail, others, with seven or eight men on board, are soon seen stretching across to that very point in creation which one would think the seafaring man would most fearfully avoid—the Goodwin Sands. To be even in the neighbourhood of such a spot in the stoutest vessel, and with the ablest crew that ever sailed, is a fate which Nelson himself would have striven to avoid; but that these poor nameless heroes should not only be willing but eager to go there voluntarily in a hurricane in an open boat, shows very clearly, that, with all his follies and all his foibles, man really is, or rather can be, the lord of the creation, and that within his slight frame there beats a heart capable of doing what every other animal in creation would shudder to perform. The lion is savage, and the tiger is ferocious, but where would their long tails be, if they were to find themselves afloat with English boatmen?

It must be evident to our readers that the Deal boatmen often incur these dangers without any remuneration, and in vain, and that half-a-dozen boats have continually to return, their services after all not being required. So long as a vessel can keep to sea, they are specks on the ocean, insignificant and unnoticed; but when a ship is drifting on the sands, or has struck, then there exists no object in creation so important as themselves. As soon as a vessel strikes the sand, the waves in succession break upon as they strike and pass her. Under such circumstances, the only means of getting her afloat, is for the shore-boat to come under her bows, and carry off her anchor; which being dropped at some distance to windward, enables her to haul herself into deep water. To describe the danger which a small open boat experiences even in approaching a vessel to make this attempt, is beyond the power of any painter; in fact, he has never witnessed it, and even were he to be granted the opportunity, it is quite certain that, though he should paint, to use a sailor's phrase, "till all was blue," the artist would himself look ten times bluer than his picture.

Of all the most unwieldy guests that could seek for lodging in a small boat, a large ship's anchor is perhaps the worst; to receive or swallow it is almost death—to get rid of it or disgorge it, is, if possible, still worse. Even in a calm, take it by which end you will, it is an awkward customer to deal with; and though philosophers have said, "leve fit quod bene fertur onus," yet if it weighs sixteen or eighteen hundredweight, in a gale of wind, carry it which way you will, it is heavy. When a vessel, from bumping on the sands, has become unable to float, its last and only resource is to save some of the crew, who, lashed to a rope which has been thrown aboard, are one by one dragged by the boatmen through the surf, till the boat, being able to hold no more, they cut the only thread on which the hopes of the remainder had depended, and departing with their cargo, the rest are left to their fate.

But our readers will probably exclaim, "What can all this have to do with the three poor law commissioners for England and Wales?" We reply, "Is George Phillpotts, then, so soon forgotten? We have only verbally digressed from him—he sits still at our side."

"Times have now altered with us!" with a look of calm melancholy, he observed; "vessels now don't get L.7 a ton, where a few years ago they got L.37." We asked him what a crew received for going off to a vessel. "The boat that first gets to her," he said, "receives twenty-five shillings for going back and bringing off a pilot; if it blows a gale of wind, it's three guineas; the other boats get nothing."

"Well, Phillpotts," we observed, "we now want you to tell us honestly how it is you all manage to live." He replied (we are copying verbatim from our note-book), "Many don't live at all! They only,

as I call it, breathe! We often don't taste meat for a week together! Many knock about for a couple of days, and when they come home they have nothing—that's the murder: single men can just live; for myself, I have not earned a shilling (it was then the 2d of February) this year." After sitting in silence some time, he added, "But I shan't be able to hold on much longer." By this he meant that he should be forced to end his days in Deal workhouse, which already contains nineteen old weather-bent boatmen, whom that same morning we had found, like other paupers confined to the house, sitting silently round a stove.

It is to be hoped that, while the poor law commissioners perform the painful duty of fairly keeping the improvident sturdy pauper below the situation of the independent labourer, they will in no instance neglect to bring before the attention of the public, as an exception to the rule, every case of merit which has hitherto lain neglected in the mass; and, strongly impressed with this feeling, we earnestly submit to our readers in general, and to the government in particular, that something better than the confinement of a workhouse should be the fate of the few veterans who have exhausted their strength, in so brave, so useful, and so honourable an occupation as we have been now describing. So long as they are young, and can keep to sea, it matters comparatively but little on what they subsist: for as their power lies in their hearts, it may truly be said that that engine requires little fuel; and to the credit of human nature, most true it is, that the worse a young man fares, the less value does he place on the bauble of existence; but when a Deal boatman grows old, when the tempest gets too strong for him, the waves too many for him, and when he is driven from his element to the shore, for the sake of those he has saved, his old age, like his youth, should be gilded with honour; and, by a wealthy and generous country, ought he not to be raised above the idle, the profligate, and the improvident pauper—particularly now that floating lights have, fortunately for all but him, blighted the harvest by the time he once might have provided for his own retirement?

Whether or not such a man as George Phillpotts would shed lustre or discredit on Greenwich Hospital; whether or not he would be welcomed or spurned beneath such a roof, by those who still talk of the tempest, and who well know what is due to those who perhaps may have saved many among them from a watery grave, may be a subject deemed unfit for discussion; but that these men should at least enjoy their liberty, that they should be enabled in their old age to pace the beach, and help at all events to launch their children into the surf, is what, we fervently trust, no English legislator will deny.

#### HOME.

MANY of our readers are most likely not aware that a cheap and useful periodical publication has been lately begun in London, under the title of the "MAGAZINE OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY." There was a want of a production of this nature, and we trust that that which we allude to will obtain the success it seems to merit. In looking over the few numbers which have made their appearance, we observe many agreeably written papers on matters connected with domestic arrangements, calculated both to instruct and entertain. The following article on that delightful topic "Home," may be accepted as a specimen of the style and tendency of the work:—

"It is very desirable for a man to have the confidence of those with whom he does business, to be sought after by his associates, to have the good opinion of the neighbourhood; and if his profession or occupation bring him before the public, to have the applause of his country. These are all objects of the most praiseworthy ambition; and the honest desire of any of them is one of the best means of putting a man in the way of deserving them.

But though these are not only very honest and commendable objects of ambition, but also powerful stimuli to well-doing 'as in the sight of men,' yet they are not the elements of real, hearty, and substantial enjoyment. A man may deserve them all, have them all, and get the reward of them all, both pecuniary and honorary; and yet his life may be one scene of bitterness—nay, the very approbation which he receives from the world without, whether that world consists of few or many, may be an additional source of misery to him, and of misery the more afflicting in proportion as his own feelings adapt him for the enjoyment of happiness. The business world, the social world, the public world, are all extrinsic of the man himself; and be his merits what they may, he is 'among the people of these worlds, not of them.' He is welcome to them only while he is in some way able to waste himself upon them; but they leave him to recruit his spirits, and wind himself up for their service as he best may; when he is sick, they leave him; and when he dies, they forget him, and look out for another.

It is not when a man is acting his part in society in the presence of his fellows that he stands in need of the elements of support and happiness; for he is then labouring for his reward, whether that reward be pay or honour, and the stimulus of the labour

is enough for him. But this exertion must have its pauses, otherwise the strongest constitution would very soon be worn out. Nature has pointed out the means of refreshment and restoration for the body; and as these are for the body only—the merely animal system—they are the same for man as for all the other animals; food for replacing the waste of substance, and sleep for restoring the tone both of the senses as organs of perception, and the muscles as organs of action. The value of man does not, however, consist wholly in the acuteness of his senses and the vigour of his muscular action; for the skill and judgment with which these are exercised are really the most important of the whole. Man therefore requires what may be called 'an active rest,' a rest which is not sleep; a placidity of mind, which is unattainable in the hours of professional activity or social intercourse. That he may obtain this, it is necessary that both his body and his mind should be at ease; for an uneasy mind cannot think to advantage, and if the body is uneasy, the thoughts cannot be so withdrawn from its grief, as to be directed with proper effect to any other subject.

The grand question, in order to secure the greatest amount both of capacity and of happiness, therefore is, 'where is this mental repose to be found?' Where shall we find that grand mental restorative which is happiness in itself, and the means of greatness, that is, of excelling in our sphere, whatever it may be, in its necessary consequences? Every Englishman will answer, 'AT HOME,' at 'my own fireside'; and it is because this is the Englishman's answer that England has taken the lead among the nations. It matters not what is the relation in which the Englishman stands to his home: he may be father, or husband, or son, or brother, or master, or lodger, or he may be servant, ay, even under-servant, for the word and the reality know no difference of station; and if he can, in the sincerity of his heart, and the honesty of his feelings, make use of the very best word which is peculiar to the English language, and say 'my comfortable home,' then we want no farther proof that the man is happy.

The world is for the working hour; but home is the place of refuge. We come to it when we are weary or weak, our refreshment is there, our rest is there, we reflect there, we recover from sickness there; and when we die in peace, we die there. This is the true sense in which an Englishman's house is said to be his 'castle.' It is the fortress of his feelings, the stronghold of his heart; and while he retains possession of it, he cannot be vanquished, but will conquer all the difficulties of occupation, and all the ills of life.

If a man has not this feeling of the comfort of home, what is there left for him after he has discharged the duties of his office, profession, or occupation, whatever they may be? Why, nothing but to eat, drink, and sleep; and to follow what amusements he may, in his individual and selfish capacity. He can have no love for society, no heartiness of character, no patriotism. His whole life is animal; and whether he be industrious or idle, orderly or dissipated, is much a matter of accident. He is 'a thing on the stream,' and as the current sets, even so must he be borne. It is invidious to make national distinctions; but the difference between the people of this country and of France is too striking to be passed over in silence; and we take France, because the people there are, in their individual capacities, foremost among the continental nations. They are also abundantly energetic for the moment, in matters which concern the body politic; but somehow or other they very speedily lose what they have gained; and he who would usurp their rights has only to be the theme of their conversation for a time, in order to be their despot, freely accepted and willingly obeyed.

Why should this be the case? We answer, solely because the feeling of the comfort of home is weak in France: because people do not live in their own houses and associate with their own families. Their pleasures and amusements are all performed (we will not say enjoyed) upon the business principle; and there is nothing dear to them but the personal gratification, in which they have no tie, and, therefore, in which they are always at the mercy of the impulse of the moment.

But we do not need to have recourse to foreign nations for proofs of the value of the feeling of a comfortable home; for in all places, and among all classes of society, we see its beneficial effects so clearly and so constantly, that we may state as a general truth, that 'no human being ever became originally vicious at home.' The majority of the young that fall into vicious courses, whether these take the form of idleness, profligacy, or dishonesty, do so in consequence of 'leaving their homes,' which of course includes leaving them in heart as well as leaving them in person. No doubt there are bad children who live in the houses of their parents, and are corrupted there; but in every such case it will be found that the parents are bad; and if we could trace the evil to its source, that is, till we arrived at virtuous parents, we should find that the leaving home had been the primary cause of the corruption. The influence of home is even more forcible than this, for in very many instances it makes the children of bad parents good, sometimes better than they would be if they had not the habitual proof before them that their parents neglected the duties and interests of home. Farther, workhouse children very generally turn out ill in life, more so

than those who have got worse fare, less formal education, and perhaps harsher treatment in the dwellings of their parents; and the only reason that can explain this is, that they feel that they are 'homeless.'

Innumerable arguments might be drawn from society in all its departments, all showing that home is the source and the support of all the virtues of mankind; and that the prelude to every source of vicious conduct is an estrangement from home.

But some may possibly ask, 'What has this to do with DOMESTIC ECONOMY? Is not domestic economy the art or science, or whatever we may call it, of laying out to the greatest advantage the revenue which is appropriated to the domestic establishment?' We answer, Yes; that is one part; but instead of being the whole, it is, in truth, a very subordinate part, whether we consider the name, or that which is, or at all events ought to be, the reality. 'Economy' is *Nómos*, the rule, the law, the order; *Oikou*, of the house or the family—the home and all who own it; and therefore it embraces every thing and every consideration which can tend to make the inmates of the house comfortable. But we have shown, and, indeed, it is evident without showing, that *home* is the foundation of all that is praiseworthy both in the individual and in society; and therefore 'Domestic Economy,' which means the proper order or conducting of 'the one house,' in contradistinction but not in opposition to 'Political Economy,' the proper order and conducting of 'many houses or families which go together, or act in concert,' includes every thing which is calculated to make people love home and feel happy in it.

Consequently, the promoting of domestic economy is identical with the furtherance of every thing which can increase the sum of human happiness and diminish the sum of human misery. As such, it is a subject of superior importance to any individual art or science, and to legislation, government, and every thing which affects the community. The shifting sands of the deserts tell us that there is no virtue or stability in mere juxtaposition, without a principle of attraction and adhesion which can unite particle to particle; and in like manner, if men are without that principle of attraction and union in society, which is attainable only by the proper feeling and possession of home, all the Solons and Lycurguses that ever lived might legislate in vain for the promotion of their greatness and happiness in communities or nations. Nothing is better than the materials of which it is made; and if the labour is too great or too fine for these, it is only labour lost. Therefore, the first attention of all who wish well to their country, ought to be to take care that the feeling of home is strengthened by all the enactments which they make for the collective body.

In order to give this domestic principle proper effect, there are many things to be done; but they may all be brought under two general heads: first, there must be the desire and capacity of enjoyment at home; and, secondly, there must be the means. These are, however, inseparable: they are like good principles and good conduct, they must be begun and carried onward to perfection together; and in order to understand them both, we must understand the nature of human beings, and not only this, but how and by what means they may be improved and made happy. For this purpose, it is not enough that the inmates of a home are lodged and clothed and fed, for these are merely animal matters, and, with the exception of the habitual clothing, a man does thus much for his horse. In order that human beings may fully enjoy their homes, and be improved by the enjoyment, their entertainment must be mental as well as corporeal. Every thing which comes under the notice of even the humblest family has some story to tell—some information to communicate; and, if rightly managed, every thing which ministers to the comfort of the body, might be made to minister also to the satisfaction of the mind. Not only this, but the most common occurrences, and the most every-day objects, should be made to render up all that they know. Why the sun, the moon, and the stars, appear in certain situations, why the seasons revolve, the plants come into leaf and bloom at one time, and are at another time leafless or stemless; and what it is in certain plants which causes them to retain their greenness amid the snow, and to put out their flowers in the depth of winter. How the lightning is produced, and how the thunder; when there is danger in the former, and when there is none. Then the countless animals, and plants, and stones, and earths, what are their qualities and uses, and to what new uses they can be applied. We must, however, stop the enumeration; for the catalogue even of natural occurrences and natural things is endless; to it there may be added all that man has done or is doing; and there is instruction in the whole. As much, too, as will afford constant occupation to all the members of every family, however large, may be obtained without cost, without trouble; and instead of interfering with the employments and duties of life, this enjoyment of all things would make the head wise and the hand ready; and if, in this way, there were more pleasure and instruction at home for every leisure hour, and upon every subject as it appeared, and every event as it happened, than is to be found elsewhere, Home would be in deed, and in truth, a Paradise. Were this done, not by way of lecture and of lesson, but kindly, simply, and from the heart, the benefit to individuals, and through them



to the whole of society, would be beyond all calculation.

This is one of the departments of domestic economy; and even according to the confined notion that this economy consists in making money go as far as possible, it would be literally true; for of all things, the most costly, both in time and money, are our own ignorance and our own indolence; and the consciousness of them always remains with us, and stings us like a serpent."

#### EXECUTIONER OF CHARLES I.

THE task of putting this monarch to death is well known to have been performed by two men, who, from a dread probably of the vengeance of the Royalists, had concealed their faces under visors. In consequence of the mystery thus assumed, public curiosity was much excited, and several persons fell under the suspicion of having borne a part in the bloody deed. The first impression seems to have been, that the wielder of the axe was Colonel Joyce, who had first taken the king into custody at Holdenby; and that the second executioner, who held up the head to the gaze of the multitude, was the equally famous Hugh Peters, then chaplain to Joyce. William Lilly, the astrologer, taxes Joyce with the fact in his Memoirs, and it is remarkable, that, upon the Journals of the House of Commons, 7th June 1660, immediately after the exception from pardon of the two executioners of the king, it was resolved that Mr Hugh Peters and Cornet Joyce be forthwith sent for in custody by the sergeant-at-arms; as if a suspicion existed in the parliament, that they were really the guilty persons.\* Even at this period, however, when the friends of the deceased monarch must have possessed every available means for discovering the masked men, much obscurity rested upon the subject. One William Hulett was tried and condemned, October 15, 1660, as the subordinate person who had held up the head, chiefly, it would appear, upon evidence given by a Colonel Nelson, as follows:—"My lords, and gentlemen of the jury, upon a discourse with Colonel Axtell about six years since, we fell to discourse about the death of the late king. I, supposing he had been acquainted with that affair, desired him to tell me who were those two persons disguised upon the scaffold. He told me I knew the persons as well as himself. Saith he, they have been upon service with you many times. Pray, sir, said I, let me know their names. Truly, said he, we would not employ persons of low spirits that we did not know; and therefore we pitched upon two stout fellows. Who were those? said I. It was Walker and Hulett; they were both sergeants in Kent when you were there, and stout men. Who gave the blow? said I. Saith he, poor Walker; and Hulett took up the head. Pray, said I, what reward had they? I am not certain whether they had thirty pounds a-piece, or thirty pounds between them."

At an earlier hour in the same day, Nelson had given evidence against Colonel Axtell, who, he said, had acknowledged to him having had a principal hand in selecting proper executioners, out of "several persons who came and offered themselves, out of a kind of zeal to do the thing."

In the preceding May, one Mathew had been secured as concerned in the king's execution, but soon after discharged. In 1662, two men named Daybone and Bickerstaffe were also taken up on suspicion; which would seem to imply that the government was not perfectly satisfied as to the guilt of Hulett. They were soon after set at liberty.

In 1767 and 1768, some curious particulars were communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine, respecting Walker. He was stated, from the parish register of Sheffield, to have been born in 1621, at Darnall, in the parish of the Holy Trinity in that town, and to have died in the same place in November 1700. His epitaph, which was quoted in the original Latin from Trinity Church, described him to have held several arduous offices in the time of the interregnum, and, at the restoration, to have retired to his native place, where for many years he devoted himself to the mathematical and other sciences. Many of his papers were still in existence at Sheffield, "containing problems written in Latin, the hand and style remarkably good." It was a current report among the oldest people in the town, that Walker was the man who had cut off the head of King Charles. A warrant for apprehending him had at one time been sent to William Spencer, Esq., justice of peace at Attercliffe, near Darnall, and, till the search was over, Walker was said to have concealed himself at Hansworth Woodhouse. When on his deathbed, he seemed to be in great distress of mind, and, as the country people described him, was dying very hard, or lingeringly, till he relieved himself by confessing that Charles I. was put to death by his hand. He had said that he believed he could not leave the world without making this confession. According to the report of people living in 1767, who had known him, he was "a lusty, strong-bodied, tall man, even in his old age."†

In Hulett's trial, it is stated, without regard to Nelson's evidence, that Richard Brandon, the common executioner, was he who cut off the king's head.\* This man was the son of a former executioner named Gregory or George Brandon, who seems to have had pretensions to high birth, as, in 1616, Sir William Segar, garter-king-at-arms, was complained of to James I. for having granted him the royal arms of Arragon, with a canton of Brabant. If we are to credit a cavalier pamphlet of the interregnum, Richard Brandon had been "twice condemned by the law for having had two wives, and by the mercy of the state pardoned, as a fit instrument of their new reformation." The first he beheaded was the Earl of Strafford. "This Squire Brandon," says the same writer, "was by the bloody junto fetched out of his bed by a troop of horse, at their late inhuman butchery of their king; he making a show as if he had been unwilling to do so vile and ungodly an act. He said that his majesty told him, when he asked him forgiveness, that he would not forgive any subject that came to murder him." Brandon died in June 1649, within five months after the execution of the king, at his house in Rosemary Lane, and was buried at Whitechapel, the register of which parish bears, at the notice of his interment, a marginal note in a different, but nevertheless old hand—"This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I." Another pamphlet of the time, entitled "The Confession of the Hangman," &c. gives some curious particulars respecting his latter days, and his funeral, a few of which may be quoted.

"Upon Wednesday last (being the 20th of this instant June 1649) Richard Brandon, the late executioner and hangman, who beheaded his late majesty, king of Great Britain, departed this life; but during the time of his sickness, his conscience was much troubled, and exceedingly perplexed in mind, yet little show of repentance for remission of his sins and by-past transgressions, which had so much power and influence upon him, that he seemed to live in them, and they in him. And on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going in to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head. He replied, yes! by reason that (upon the time of his tryall, and at the denouncing of sentence against him) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to perish him body and soul, if ever he appeared on the scaffold to do the act or lift up his hand against him.

He likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkercher out of the king's pocket, so soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same; and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane.

About six of the clock at night, he returned home to his wife living in Rosemary Lane, and gave her the money, saying, that it was the dearest money that ever he earned in his life, for it would cost him his life. Which prophetic words were soon made manifest, for it appeared, that ever since he hath been in a most sad condition, and upon the Almighty's first scourging of him with the rod of sickness, and the friendly admonition of divers friends for the calling of him to repentance, yet he persisted on in his vicious vices, and would not hearken thereunto, but lay raging and swearing, and still pointing to one thing or another, which he conceived to appear visible before him.

About three days before he dy'd he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a most desperate manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For the buriall whereof great store of wines were sent in by the sheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people stood wayting to see his corpse carried to the churchyard, some crying out, 'Hang him rogue,' 'Bury him in the dunghill'; others pressing upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing of the king: insomuch that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them, and (with great difficulty) he was at last carried to White Chappell churchyard, having (as it is said) a bunch of rosemary at each end of the coffin on the top thereof, with a rope tyed crosse from one end to the other.

And a merry conceited cook living at the sign of the Crown, having a black fan (worth the value of thirty shillings), took a resolution to rent the same in pieces, and to every feather tied a piece of pack-thread dy'd in black ink, and gave them to divers persons, who (in derision) for a while wore them in their hats.

Thus have I given thee an exact account and perfect relation of the life and death of Richard Brandon, to the end that the world may be convinc'd of those calumnious speeches and erroneous suggestions which are daily spit from the mouth of Envy against divers persons of great worth and eminency, by casting an odium upon them for the executing of the king; it being now made manifest, that the aforesaid executioner was the only man who gave the fatal blow, and his man that wayted upon him, was a ragman (of the name of Ralph Jones) living in Rosemary Lane."

Mr Ellis, who prints these extracts in his "Original

Letters Illustrative of English History," is of opinion that the greatest probability is in favour of Brandon. We must confess that we cannot heartily accede to this hypothesis. The pamphlets respecting Brandon's death and funeral cannot be considered as records of authenticated facts, but rather as the mere chronicles of popular rumour. They are contradicted by the circumstances which have been mentioned as taking place at the Restoration, and the evidence of Colonel Nelson. We are much more inclined to attribute the infamy of the king's death to Walker and Hulett.\*

#### A CHAPTER ON TREES,

BY A PRACTICAL PLANTER.

I KNOW of no occupation more truly delightful than the rearing of forest trees. To plant a tree at any time of one's life, is doing a good action to the world; to plant one in one's old age, is an action of the purest benevolence. Planting trees has, from my earliest years, been a passion, the indulgence of which, unlike the indulgence of most passions, has produced some of the purest enjoyment which any thing connected with this world has ever bestowed on me. One's trees become like one's children; and never did any parent watch with greater delight the growth of his fireside plants, than one who is truly imbued with the sylvan spirit, watches the growth and expanding beauty of the graceful tree, which he himself placed a tender sapling in the earth. I wish I could impart somewhat of this feeling to some of my countrymen. Many are possessed of hundreds of acres, at present lying in a state of the most dreary barrenness, which, if properly subdivided, and planted, would produce tenfold what they can now produce; while the whole aspect of the country would be changed—the climate much improved—a mantle of beauty would be drawn over the bleak face of nature—and stately trees would wave their heads where at present there is only the unsightly rush or the brown stunted heather.

In the following observations, I shall not enter into the process of raising the tree from seed. To those who can do this, it is a very great saving of expense; and they will find full information in any of the many Manuals for the Nurseryman. My chief object is to inspire a love for the art of rearing trees, by writing down what I have experienced regarding them, without entering into those minute details which are chiefly useful to the practical nurseryman; and perhaps I may be able to communicate some facts, founded upon experience, which may prove of use to some who have imbibed the love of tree-planting, but who may not have very clear ideas how best to set about it. On this subject men have been woefully the victims of ignorance, and the sums of money are quite incalculable which have been utterly wasted in fruitless attempts to make trees grow. Nothing inspires me with greater melancholy than to pass by, in some bleak district of the country, a wretched abortion of a plantation—thin, taper, consumptive-looking trees, lifting up their unshapely and stunted forms, overgrown with moss, withered at the top, hard in the bark, and looking like an assemblage of the ghosts of some of the most miserable, overtopped, and choked trees in the Caledonian forest. I immediately retrace their history and that of their planter. It is a narrative of mismanagement, crowned with bitter disappointment. Great, indeed, has been the disappointment which many proprietors have been doomed to bear; and if you speak to them of the benefit of planting—"Oh, certainly, in favourable situations," they will reply, "it does very well; but really, in such ground as this, the thing, I have found, is quite hopeless. Look at these plantations, on which I, like a fool as I was, threw away so much money in the ninety-eight. They never have done any good. Our friend Thomson, too, tried the thing, but it did not succeed. By the bye, the cattle were allowed to get into his plantations; but they were not growing at any rate."

Now, what wretched delusion is here! Why, the wonder is that ever a single tree of them grew at all. Only think for a moment of the barbarous treatment they suffered. They were brought from rich, nicely pulverised nursery ground, where they had, the last year of their being there, made a shoot of eighteen inches. Hodge makes his cut on the least-possible-labour principle. The shivering boy thrusts the root into the water which rises in the hole below the spade, the sod gets a tramp, and the poor plant is left to its fate. If it be a place where the soil continues wet through the summer, the roots are rotted; if it be clayey, and gets dry, the crevice gapes wide open to receive passing showers; and if the plant is not fairly blown out of the ground, its roots are parched and

\* Ellis's Original Letters, second series, iii. 340, note.

† Gentleman's Magazine, xxxvii. 548; xxxviii. 10.

\* State Trials, ii. 383.

\* A ridiculous story has for some years been floating about in print, by which the illustrious lawyer Lord Stair is represented as having been the executioner of the king. The story sets out with an account of General the Earl of Stair having been called to an obscure part of London, where he was introduced to his grandfather, long before supposed to be dead, and who, at an age advanced considerably above a century, told him that, to be revenged for some family grievances, he had consented to become the executioner of his sovereign. The total inconsistency of this tale with the life of Lord Stair, who died in 1695, would not have been here thought worthy of notice, if we had not been informed that several members of the family, from whom better things might be expected, have been so weak as to give it credence.

dried up. Now, does it not show a most extraordinary power of the retention of life, the desperate *fight* which nature is capable of sustaining, that one single plant so treated survives the first summer? Many of them do struggle into existence; but the enemy who threatened to cut them off in their youth continues to wage an unceasing war with them for the full period of their vegetable life. The pines are moss-grown, the deciduous are as hard in the bark as fishing-rods; and there they stand, a melancholy monument of a misapplication of means to an end.

My gentle reader, if you are a proprietor and a planter, and would wish to avoid this sore evil—if you would wish to escape the loss of money and years of bitter regret and mortification over your stunted, ill-grown, half-dead trees—if you would wish to be told how in any situation, within a thousand feet of the level of the sea, to have fresh, thriving, well-barked, healthy, stately trees, then give ear to me. Do not tell me that so and so has tried planting, and that it did not do; that you have tried planting, and are heartily sick of it. I tell you, that I have just shown you *why* it did not do; and, furthermore, I can very simply show you *how* it can be made to do, that is, in any situation away from the tops of very high hills—and even the tops of *pretty* high hills are not altogether hopeless.

I shall, in the first place, treat of the general management of the ground to be planted, taking it for granted that it is a piece of bad, that is, wet ground. Upon this let us set to work. I shall suppose the piece to be very bad indeed—soaking with wet, and covered with coarse grass and rushes. The first thing to be done is to fence it. This, I think, can be done best by ditches, and, if stones can be had, a small parapet wall of three feet along the top. The ditch should be of large dimensions—say six or eight feet wide at top, tapering to one foot at the bottom; the earth excavated to be all thrown inwards to the part that is to be planted; and being levelled on the top, and allowed to get somewhat firm, it is to be surmounted by a three-foot parapet, which will make a strong and durable fence. The expense of ditching is from 10d. to 1s. per rod. The expense of finding the stones depends on circumstances; but I have generally got dykes built at 6s. a rod. A hedge may be planted, if the soil is at all favourable, between the parapet and the ditch; but only if the planter firmly resolves to take care of it for the first three years. If he do not, the plants had much better be burned: it is a painful thing to see life of any kind destroyed by *choking*. The month of October is a good time to begin operations; and a vast quantity of surface water will have run off before the time of planting. I have no respect for the old adage, "Plant a tree at Michaelmas, and command it to grow: plant a tree at Candlemas, and *entreat* it to grow." In such land as I am now treating of, after Candlemas is the best time for planting; as the plants thus escape the shaking of the winter winds, and the rotting of the winter rains. But I am anticipating.

The ground, then, of whatever size, is completely fenced in; the next thing to be attended to is to prepare it for the reception of the young plants. In order to do this, it must be made *thoroughly dry*: if it is not, planting it is a piece of mere folly, and will be the cause of much disappointment and lasting regret. How, then, are we to make it thoroughly dry? There is but one way of making land dry, and that is by draining. The kind of draining here requisite is not so very expensive as some may imagine. The drains only require to be opened; but there must be plenty of them. Much of course will depend upon the peculiarities of soil, situation, &c. but in general it will be requisite to have a drain every twelve yards. If the piece of ground be extensive and of considerable breadth, there must be, in addition to the side ditches, a large drain led through the middle, consulting of course in its direction the natural inclinations of the surface, and into this all the other drains must be conducted. If the ground be narrow, the drains are to be conducted into the side ditches, and it is of great importance that their direction should always be such as to obtain the best run. The soil dug out of these drains should not be piled up on the sides, but scattered as far as the intermediate spaces as the workmen can conveniently throw it. It thus serves to keep down the coarse rank grass, and give the young plants a fair start, besides being a top-dressing to the soil. In most cases the size of the drains may be about two and a half or three feet wide at top, tapering to ten inches at bottom; and if they are run in proper directions, and made at the distance of twelve yards from each other, they will dry the wettest ground.

We shall suppose these drains to be finished by the end of November; but if done in October, so much the better. It will surprise the observant proprietor to see what a vast quantity of water continues to run during the winter. By the middle of February, if the weather be dry, planting may be commenced. I would recommend strong plants, three years old, for I have seen many small things stuck in among rank grass, but I have rarely seen any of them grow. The ordinary way of planting does well enough for the first; it is done in this way:—A cut is made at right angles to the line of the labourers' feet, another is made at right angles to that, and the soil raised; the root of the plant is inserted; and the spade being withdrawn, the soil is or ought to be firmly trodden

down around it. I say ought to be, for very often it is not. The labourers ought to have the importance of this reiterated upon them; and I would, if possible, always have a big man in preference to a little one to wield the spade. There is an emphasis in the tramp of his foot, which, for the success of the young tree, is invaluable. The other mode of planting is more tedious; but where the proposed plantation is small, I think it is worth while to give all the additional trouble. This method consists in making pits for the reception of the plants. A square piece is dug out, the plant is placed in the middle, the soil is broken and put round the roots, the turf is cut in two, and being turned upside down, the two halves are placed one on each side of the stem of the plant, and firmly trodden down all round. This, it will be seen, is tedious. Three plants may be planted by the first method for every one by the second; yet, where the plants are large, it is worth while to bestow the additional labour; especially, in planting trees of the deciduous kind, this method ought always to be adopted. I have always found it advantageous to plant pretty close; but care must be taken to begin early to thin, otherwise the young trees fall into consumption. Ground treated in the manner now described, be it never so wet, will grow fine trees; that is to say, if there be any thing like a soil at all. In pure moss, it is rather a hopeless concern, whatever care may be taken to drain.

Let us next suppose the ground to be planted to consist of a thin poor soil on a hard close bottom. To plant such ground just as it lies, is a piece of the most consummate folly. Far better burn your young plants at once: they never will grow to any thing. The plan which I have now to propose has a most formidable objection against it—it is very expensive. But let the proprietor arrange the matter in this way:—Instead of planting, say ten acres in one year, let him plant only four. It is far better to have a few trees thriving, than a great many pining out a miserable existence to the disfigurement of the face of nature, and the bitter regret of their owner. Suppose the proprietor, then, as the Americans elegantly say, *willing to go the whole hog*, let us see how he is to treat such an ungracious piece of soil. *Let it be first enclosed*; and then—pray don't be frightened, my gentle arboriculturist—it must all be *trenched*. "Come on, who's afraid?" This costs much labour, and labour costs money. But here is the way to manage it. You have got twenty, thirty, fifty, or a hundred pounds, which you mean to expend on planting. Now, I don't ask you to spend more, but to plant less. And would you not rather have five acres of fine healthy fast-growing trees than twenty, say, or an hundred acres of such wretched abortions as we so frequently see exciting the regret and pity of all passers by? There is no doubt of it: so come on, let us set about trenching our ground. To the ordinary mode of trenching there is a most decided objection. That part of the soil which is at all good, is mercilessly buried at great labour and expense, and the hard till, which has about as much nutrition for plants as freestone rock, is brought up to form the soil. This will never do. We must keep the soil which is at the top still at the top, and stir the till below. At first sight there is some difficulty here, but the difficulty must be overcome, and that may be done by a little calculation as to arrangements in the matter of digging and filling up the trenches. The cost will be only a little more than that of ordinary trenching, and it is vastly superior to it. It would also be an advantage, as each trench is cleaned out, to give it a rough course of picking along the bottom, which would make the soil, although never so wet before, dry and sweet as a garden. The best time for performing this operation is in the months of February and March, and then only when the weather is dry. It would be well if planting could be carried on simultaneously with trenching. And see that the plants be put in *deeper than usual*, and well trodden round the stem.

Ground thus treated will produce the finest trees. They will grow fast, keep free of moss, be healthy in the bark, and straight. It would be advisable, even with this trenching, to open drains throughout the whole that is planted, in order that the surface water may be carried freely away. Land, when thus dried, becomes richer by every shower that falls. The water, in percolating through the soil, carries down with it a fresh supply of oxygen gas, which the roots of the trees with their thousands of little mouths are gaping to receive as their most nourishing food; and being thus fed, is it not natural that they should grow apace and be in good health? In this way you will have in six or eight years fine plantations, forming an ornament to your property, and a shelter to the fields. By the other method you may plant thousands of trees; but where the soil is positively wet, you will never see any of them do more than make an ineffectual attempt to grow.

I have now a few observations to make regarding the after-treatment of trees planted in the manner now recommended. They must not be left to themselves; and if hedges be planted, they will require much care for the first three years especially. They must be kept perfectly free from weeds, at whatever expense of labour. Thin, board-like hedges, cut close upon each side, are not the thing. I never saw any so treated do well. They must have breadth, and should be tapered on both sides to the top. But let us attend to the trees. Exactly a year after they are

planted, where the ground has been trenched it will be requisite to give a partial hoeing, that is, to cut down any tall weeds which may be overtopping any of the trees. Should any of the hard wood show the *white feather*, that is, in place of being green become yellow, there is a plan which, if adopted, will completely restore them. Two years after they are planted, let them, in March or April, be cut over about three inches above the ground; in the month of July a careful person must go through and pinch off all the young buds except one, the healthiest, and the one which offers fairest to shoot into a main stem. This has a most magical effect. It insures a healthy tree, with a free bark, and perfectly straight. I have had oak, ash, and other timber thus treated, which have made a beautiful shoot of upwards of two feet in one year. Trees which are on the whole thriving and sufficiently straight, but which are getting hard in the bark, I have generally improved very much by the following process:—You enter the point of a common gardening knife as near the root as possible, and run it up to the first branches. In a year or two this cut will be covered with new bark, an inch or two in breadth, greatly contributing to a free circulation of the sap, and consequently promoting the health and the growth of the tree. I have seen trees twenty and thirty years old materially benefited by this simple process. A handy labourer will do many hundreds in a day.

Another point of much consequence is *pruning*. How my soul has been roused into indignation at seeing the horrible maltreatment of trees in this respect! A thousand times rather leave the thing undone altogether, than mutilate and injure one of the most beautiful of nature's productions. It is accomplished properly in this way:—A broad chisel, very sharp, is inserted below the branch to be cut off, close to the trunk of the tree; and being struck by a wooden mallet, carries off the branch with a clean cut, over which the bark will soon grow again, covering the wound entirely over. Where large branches are to be taken off, the saw must be used; but always saw as close to the trunk as possible, and dress off the rough edge with a few strokes of the chisel. How simple and easy is this! And how foolish, nay atrocious, the too common practice of hacking, and disfiguring, and materially injuring, the finest trees with an axe!

In conclusion, I would impress the planter with the necessity of carefully excluding cattle from plantations, of whatever age. Nothing can be more erroneous than to imagine, that, when trees are old, they can receive no injury from cattle. I have seen a tree fifty years old, whose growth was fairly stopped by the rubbing of cattle grazing beside it. The strictest attention should be paid to the fences, and neither cow nor horse be permitted to trespass within them. If the hints I have now given be followed, I am quite confident that they will save much disappointment to proprietors who are disposed to plant, and that many fine trees will be raised on situations in which, by the common management, they never would have attained to either beauty or value.

#### BARBARA S.—

[From *Elia's Last Essays*: Moxon, London, 1832.]

ON the noon of the 14th of November 1743 or 1744, I forget which it was, just as the clock had struck one, Barbara S.—, with her accustomed punctuality, ascended the long rambling staircase, with awkward interposed landing-places, which led to the office, or rather a sort of box with a desk in it, whereat sat the then treasurer of the Old Bath Theatre. All over the island, it was the custom, and remains so I believe to this day, for the players to receive their weekly stipend on the Saturday. It was not much that Barbara had to claim.

This little maid had just entered her eleventh year; but her important station at the theatre, as it seemed to her, with the benefits which she felt to accrue from her pious application of her small earnings, had given an air of womanhood to her steps and to her behaviour. You would have taken her to have been at least five years older.

Till latterly, she had merely been employed in choruses, or where children were wanted to fill up the scene. But the manager, observing a diligence and adroitness in her above her age, had for some few months past entrusted to her the performance of whole parts. You may guess the self-consequence of the promoted Barbara. She had already drawn tears in young Arthur; had rallied Richard with infantine petulance in the Duke of York; and in her turn had rebuked that petulance when she was Prince of Wales. She would have done the elder child in Morton's pathetic afterpiece to the life; but as yet the "Children in the Wood" was not.

I am in no hurry to begin my story—indeed I have little or none to tell—so I will just mention an observation of hers connected with that interesting time. Not long before she died, I had been discoursing with her on the quantity of real present emotion which a great tragic performer experiences during acting. I ventured to think, that, though in the first instance such players must have possessed the feelings which they so powerfully called up in others, yet by frequent repetition, those feelings must become deadened in great measure, and the performer trust to the memory of past emotion, rather than express a present one.



She indignantly repelled the notion, that with a truly great tragedian, the operation, by which such effects were produced upon an audience, could ever degrade itself into what was purely mechanical. With much delicacy, avoiding to instance in her *self*-experience, she told me, that, so long ago as when she used to play the part of the Little Son to Mrs Porter's Isabella (I think it was), when that impressive actress has been tending over her in some heartrending colloquy, she has felt real hot tears come trickling from her, which, to use her powerful expression, have perfectly scalded her back. I am not quite so sure that it was Mrs Porter; but it was some great actress of that day. The name is indifferent; but the fact of the scalding tears, I most distinctly remember.

I was always fond of the society of players, and am not sure that an impediment in my speech (which certainly kept me out of the pulpit) even more than certain personal disqualifications, which are often got over in that profession, did not prevent me at one time of life from adopting it. I have had the honour (I must ever call it) once to have been admitted to the tea-table of Miss Kelly. I have played at serious whist with Mr Liston. I have chatted with ever good-humoured Mrs Charles Kemble. I have conversed, as friend to friend, with her accomplished husband. I have been indulged with a classical conference with Macready; and with a sight of the Player-picture gallery, at Mr Mathews's, when the kind owner, to remunerate me for my love of the old actors (whom he loves so much) went over it with me, supplying to his capital collection what alone the artist could not give them—voice, and their living motion. Old tones, half-faded, of Dodd, and Parsons, and Baddeley, have lived again for me at his bidding. Only Edwin he could not restore to me. I have supped with —; but I am growing a coxcomb.

As I was about to say, at the desk of the then treasurer of the Old Bath Theatre, presented herself the little Barbara 8—

The parents of Barbara had been in reputable circumstances. The father had practised, I believe, as an apothecary in the town. But his practice, from causes which I feel my own infirmity too sensibly that way to arraign, or perhaps from that pure indelicacy which accompanies some people in their walk through life, and which it is impossible to lay at the door of imprudence, was now reduced to nothing. They were, in fact, in the very teeth of starvation, when the manager, who knew and respected them in better days, took the little Barbara into his company.

At the period I commenced with, her slender earnings were the sole support of the family, including two younger sisters. I must throw a veil over some mortifying circumstances. Enough to say, that her Saturday's pittance was the only chance of a Sunday's (generally their only) meal of meat.

One thing I will only mention, that in some child's part, where in her theatrical character she was to sup off a roast fowl (oh, joy to Barbara!) some comic actor, who was for the night caterer for this dainty, in the misguided humour of his part, threw over the dish such a quantity of salt (oh, grief and pain of heart to Barbara!) that when he crammed a portion of it into her mouth, she was obliged sputtering to reject it; and what with shame of her ill-acted part, and pain of real appetite at missing such a dainty, her little heart sobbed almost to breaking, till a flood of tears, which the well-fed spectators were totally unable to comprehend, mercifully relieved her. This was the little starved, meritorious maid, who stood before old Ravenscroft, the treasurer, for her Saturday's payment.

Ravenscroft was a man, I have heard many old theatrical people besides herself say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient, blessed himself that it was no worse.

Now, Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half guinea. By mistake, he popped into her hand a whole one. Barbara tripped away. She was entirely unconscious at first of the mistake: God knows, Ravenscroft would never have discovered it. But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand. Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticoes of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself. She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people—men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw that in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! and then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened, and her mouth moistened. But then Mr Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, had

stood her friend behind the scenes, and even recommended her promotion to some of her little parts. But, again, the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money. He was supposed to have fifty pounds a-year clear of the theatre. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockless and shoeless sisters. And when she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation at the theatre had made it indispensable for her mother to provide for her, with hard straining and pinching from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same—and how then they could accompany her to rehearsals, which they had hitherto been precluded from doing, by reason of their unfashionable attire; in these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean, from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara! And that never-failing friend did step in; for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency, as it seemed (for she never felt her feet to move), she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.

A year or two's unrepeating application to her profession brightened up the feet, and the prospects of her little sisters, set the whole family upon their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs Crawford,\* then sixty-seven years of age (she died soon after); and to her struggles upon this childish occasion I have sometimes ventured to think her indebted for that power of rending the heart in the representation of conflicting emotions, for which, in after years, she was considered as little inferior (if at all so in the part of Lady Randolph) even to Mrs Siddons.

#### SKETCH OF THE CAGOTS.+

AMONG the inhabitants of the Pyrenees, is an extraordinary race, which has baffled the historian in his vain endeavours to account for its origin, and has furnished matter of interest to both the novelist and the traveller. It is probable that many people never have heard of the Cagots, and that others may know only of the existence of such a race; and although, in presenting some details respecting this singular people, I disclaim any pretension to novelty or original elucidation, yet, having travelled among their vallies, and seen their huts and themselves, I feel that it would be an unpardonable omission were I to avoid availing myself of even the common sources of information, to give a short account of the Cagots.

The Cagots are found in several of the more secluded vallies of the Pyrenees, particularly in the lateral vallies that branch from the valley of Boreges, Luchon, and Aure. So sedulously do they keep apart from the rest of their fellow-men, that one might travel through the Pyrenees without seeing an individual of the race, unless inquiry were specially directed towards them.

It was not until I expressed a desire to the guide who attended me in my excursions from St Sauveur, to see one of the race of the Cagots, that my curiosity was gratified. This was in one of the lateral vallies that run to the right, between Boreges and the Tourmalet, a valley traversed by no road. The Cagot is known by his sallow and unhealthy countenance—his expression of stupidity—his want of vigour and relaxed appearance—his imperfect articulation—and in many cases, his disposition to goitres. If we were to credit the assertion of the novelist, we should reject one of these characteristics, or at least say that the stupidity of the Cagot is only apparent. It is possible that a knowledge of his degraded condition, and the contempt, if not aversion, with which he is regarded, as well as the total seclusion in which the family of the Cagot lives, may have their effect in impressing upon his countenance an expression of humility, distrust, and fear, that might be mistaken for intellectual deficiency. But the observations of all those who have studied with the greatest advantages the peculiarities of this race, concur in allotting to the Cagot an inferior share of mental capacity.

The days of Cagot persecution have passed away; but tradition has preserved a recollection of the degradation and sufferings of the race, and has even, in some small degree, handed down, along with the history of these persecutions, some vestiges of the prejudices which gave rise to it. From time immemorial, the Cagot families have inhabited the most retired

vallies, and the most miserable habitations. The race has always been regarded as infamous, and the individuals of it outcasts from the family of mankind. They were excluded from all rights of citizens; they were not permitted to have arms, or to exercise any other trade than that of woodcutters; and in more remote times, they were obliged to wear upon their breast a red mark, the sign of their degradation. So far, indeed, was aversion towards this unfortunate people carried, that they entered the churches by a separate door, and occupied seats allotted to the rejected caste. The persecutions have long ceased, and time and its attendant improvements have diminished the prejudices, and weakened the feelings of dislike, with which they were formerly regarded. But they are still the race of Cagots—still a separate family—still outcasts—still a people who have evidently no kindred of those who live around them, but the remnant of a different and more ancient family.

It is impossible for the traveller, still less the philosopher, to know of the existence of this caste, without endeavouring to pierce the clouds that hang over its origin, the causes of its persecution. But it is at least doubtful whether any of these inquirers have thrown true light upon the subject. History, indeed, records the peculiar persecutions of which they were the subjects; and proves that these persecutions, pursuing a despised and hated race, were directed against the same people, whether found in Brittany, La Vendée, Auvergne, or the Pyrenees.

We find the parliament of Rheims interfering in their favour, to obtain them the right of sepulture. In the eleventh century, we find the Cagots of Beoon disposed of by testament as slaves. The priests would not admit them to confession; and by an ancient act of Beoon, it was resolved that the testimony of seven of them should be equivalent to the evidence of one free citizen; and even so late as the fifteenth century they were forbidden to walk the streets barefooted, in case of infection being communicated to the stones; and upon their clothes was impressed the foot of a goose.

Yet all these marks of hatred are unaccounted for. No record has descended to us by which the cause of this persecution may be explained; and we are left to guess at the origin of reprobation, which has followed this rejected people from the earliest times, and in whatever country they have been found. M. Ramond, in his disquisition upon this subject, says, "The Cagots of all France have a common origin. The same event has confined them all in the most remote and desert spots; and whatever this event may be, it must be such as will account for every thing—it must be great and general—must have impressed at once upon the whole of France the same sentiments of hatred—have marked its victims with the seal of the same reprobation—and have disgraced the race, and all its subdivisions, with the opprobrium of a name which every where awakened the same ideas of horror and contempt." This is just reasoning, but we are as far as ever from the event which has fixed hatred and contempt upon the dispersed race of Cagots.

Some have held that they are the descendants of lepers, and, as such, exiled from the society of others; but to this M. Ramond replies, that although lepers have been exiled or confined, there is no record of their having ever been sold or disposed of by testament. Others have contended that the Cagots are the descendants of the ancient Gauls, brought into a state of slavery. "I have seen," says he, "some families of these unfortunate creatures. They are gradually approaching the villages from which prejudice has banished them. The side-doors by which they were formerly obliged to enter the churches are useless, and some degree of pity mingles, at length, with the contempt and aversion which they formerly inspired. Yet I have seen in some of their retreats, where they still fear the insults of prejudice, and await the visits of the compassionate."

I have found among them the poorest beings perhaps that exist upon the face of the earth; I have met with brothers, who loved each other with that tenderness which is the most pressing want of isolated men, whose affection had a somewhat in it of that devotion and of that submission which are inspired by feebleness and misfortunes."

LOCUSTS.—The most incredible story I ever heard, or the most extraordinary account I ever read, of the numbers in which locusts sometimes appear, I can now no longer doubt; and I must confess it is requisite actually to behold them before any idea of the real truth respecting them can be formed. This evening, after dinner, as we went out to sit half-naked at the door in the street, according to the custom of the country, to enjoy the cool air, or rather, I should say, the lesser heat of the day, we were astonished at seeing the atmosphere in a state resembling a thick mist moving rapidly over us, but which we soon discovered to be locusts. They were all going in the same direction, like rooks returning to their home. We could not say how long they had been passing before we saw them, but for upwards of an hour we sat gazing at them with increased astonishment; and when the sun set, as far as the eye could reach we perceived no diminution of their numbers. On they went in their ominous flight, seeking some devoted region where to repose, every fruit, flower, and vegetable of which, in a few hours, they would utterly consume, —*Temple's Travels in Peru.*

\* The maiden name of this lady was Street, which she changed, by successive marriages, for those of Dancer, Barry, and Crawford. She was Mrs Crawford, and a third time a widow, when I knew her.  
† This little article, it will readily be observed, is extracted from the work of a traveller. Unfortunately, from the way in which it has reached us, we are unable to give the proper quotation.

## SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICES.

THE following anecdote is amusing:—"One day, (says Rifaud, a French traveller in Egypt) being occupied with herbalising, and feeling fatigued, I sat down in the shade of the *douras* (maize); and taking out my memorandum book to insert some remarks, I found there a paper written on both sides; this being of no further use, I tore up, and threw away the pieces, which the wind carried into a neighbouring field. Shortly afterwards a noise of voices excited my attention, and I heard the proprietor of the field telling the Arabs he had called around him, that for upwards of an hour I had been engaged in writing charms, with the intention of bewitching his crop. My servant, to very little purpose, took infinite pains to make them comprehend that I was a traveller, and no sorcerer; and if I had not been known to some of the party, it is probable I should not have escaped without ill treatment. However, the owner, an old man with a white beard, set himself to work, and having carefully gathered up the fragments of paper, menacing me all the time, hastily went away for the purpose of consigning them to the flames." It will be remembered that Park, in the course of his travels in Africa, was often asked to write charms, which were swallowed by the natives, who thereupon believed they were under supernatural protection. One is inclined both to pity and laugh at such superstitions; but it were worth while, in the first place, to inquire if we may not hear of practices equally absurd in our own country, where there is far less excuse for the existence of superstition than in the benighted regions of Africa. Within half-a-dozen miles of Edinburgh, it would not be difficult to find superstitious usages as gross as those which prevail in the vicinity of Grand Cairo; and that, too, in the present day, notwithstanding the efforts which are supposed to have been made to educate the people. Let us point out an instance. There is a strange superstition among certain classes of fishermen on the shores of the Firth of Forth, to the effect that if they chance to meet a woman barefooted who has broad feet or flatfish great toes, when they are proceeding to go to sea in their boats, they will have bad luck, and, consequently, need not go out in search of fish. It is considered also unlucky to sell fish for the first time in the day to a person having broad thumbs. Such superstitions as these perhaps linger principally among the more aged and least instructed portion of the piscatory community, but that they do exist is beyond a doubt; for cases in point occurred not long ago within the experience of a lady of our acquaintance, and serve to show how long the superstitions of a people are in being eradicated, and how dangerous it is for travellers to form opinions of the barbarity of nations from isolated cases that may come under their notice. Such things prove something more. Wherever they exist, they are in a certain measure a reproach to the local means of instruction. The general introduction of the study of one or two of the physical sciences into the parish schools, would in a few years clear away every vestige of superstition. A very slight knowledge of the leading truths in meteorology would, indeed, effect this useful purpose. The fisherman who has been instructed in the nature and causes of winds, storms, rain, thunder, lightning, clouds, with their varied action in combination; also the properties of the atmosphere, such as its increase and decrease of weight, and how the whole phenomena of external nature, particularly of the ocean, are affected by lunar and solar influence—we say, the fisherman who has learned these things will hardly fall into the belief that women with flat toes or broad thumbs, or women of any age or complexion, have the power to raise storms at sea, or in any respect prevent a take of fish. There are surely intelligent persons in authority who could manage this simple matter; and who so well adapted for carrying such a philanthropic design into execution as the resident clergymen in the various districts? Every few months we hear of the wrecking of fishing-boats and a melancholy loss of lives, by which families are deprived of their ordinary means of support. It will never be within the reach of human power to prevent such accidents altogether; but a great deal might be done to modify the evil, by a recourse to those simple scientific demonstrations which have been placed within the comprehension of our faculties. The barometer of Torricelli, and the sympiesometer of Adie, have never yet been put to their full uses. Why are not these instruments—these weather prophets—placed for inspection in an open situation in every fishing village along our coasts, and the people instructed in their uses? Wherefore, however, need we ask such a question? The thing has never yet been done—it would seem strange to do it—and hence it shall not—it cannot be done. Let us alone; we are well enough as we are; "sic nonsense as some people speak about their barometers and their sympiesometers; it's a' the ken about it; there's nae barometer can bode sae weel as Maggie Dickson wi' her muckle taes."

**DISTINCTION BETWEEN MAKING AND MANUFACTURING.**—A considerable difference exists between the terms *making* and *manufacturing*. The former refers to the production of a *small*, the latter to that of a *very large number of individuals*; and the difference is well illustrated in the evidence, given before the committee of the House of Commons, on the export of tools and machinery. On that occasion, Mr

Maudslay stated that he had been applied to by the Navy Board to make iron tanks for ships, and that he was rather unwilling to do so, as he considered it to be out of his line of business; however, he undertook to make one as a trial. The holes for the rivets were punched by hand-punching with presses, and the one thousand six hundred and eighty holes which each tank required cost seven shillings. The Navy Board, who required a large number, proposed that he should supply forty tanks a-week for many months. The magnitude of the order made it worth his while to commence *manufacturing*, and to make tools for the express business. Mr Maudslay therefore offered, if the Board would give him an order for two thousand tanks, to supply them at the rate of eighty per week. The order was given: he made tools, by which the expense of punching the rivet-holes of each tank was reduced from seven shillings to ninepence; he supplied ninety-eight tanks a-week for six months, and the price charged for each was reduced from seventeen pounds to fifteen.—*Babbage's Economy of Manufactures.*

## SCOTTISH SONGS,

SUPPOSED TO BE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

No. IV.

## LASS, GIN YE WAD LO'E ME.

"Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me,  
Lass, gin ye wad loe me,  
Ye'e be ladye o' my ha',  
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me.  
A cantie but, a cosie ben,  
Weel plenish'd, ye may trow me;  
A brisk, a blythe, a kind gudeman—  
Lass, gin ye wad lo'e me!"

"Walth there's little doubt ye hae,  
An' bidin' bein an' easy;  
But brisk an' blythe ye canna be,  
An' you sae auld an' crazy.  
Wad marriage mak you young again?  
Wad woman's love renew you?  
Aw, ye silly doited man,  
I canna, winna lo'e you."

"Witless bizzie, e'ens ye like,  
The ne'er a doit I'm carin';  
But men maun be the first to speak,  
An' wanters maun be speirin'.  
Yet, lassie, I hae lo'ed you lang,  
An' now I'm come to woo you—  
I'm no sae auld as clashes gang,  
I think you'd better lo'e me!"

"Doited bodie!—auld or young,  
You needna langer tarry,  
Gin aye be loutin' owre a rung,  
He's no for me to marry.  
Gae hame an' ance bethink yoursel'  
How ye wad come to woo me—  
And mind me i' your latter-will,  
Bodie, gin ye lo'e me!"

A. L.

## THE SONGS OF CANARIES.

THE plumage, pretty form, and docility, the charming familiarity which disposes it to nestle without fear or reserve beside us, as well as its melodious song, have long introduced the canary to all classes of society. Always before our eyes, the object of the most assiduous care, and constant attention, it has afforded a thousand occasions for studying its character, or rather the character and dispositions of the different individuals of its species. It has been discovered that among them, as among quadrupeds, and even man, some individuals are gay and others melancholy; some quarrelsome, others mild; some intelligent, others stupid; some with quick memories, others lazy; some greedy, others frugal; some petulant, others gentle; some ardent, others cold.

Its singing, as strong as varied, continues uninterrupted during the year, excepting at the time of moulting, and even this exception is not general. There are some individuals which sing also during the night. Those which introduce into their melody some passages of the nightingale's song, are the most esteemed of all canaries; they are called Tyrolean canaries, because they are considered natives of the Tyrol, where they breed many of these birds. The second are the English canaries, which imitate the song of the woodlark. But in Thuringia the preference is generally given to those which, instead of a succession of noisy bursts, know how, with a silvery sonorous voice, to descend regularly through all the tones of the octave, introducing from time to time the sound of a trumpet. There are some males which, especially in the pairing season, sing with so much strength and ardour that they burst the delicate vessels of the lungs, and die suddenly.

The female, particularly in the spring, sings also, but only a few unconnected and unmusical sounds. Old ones which have done breeding often sing in this way at all seasons. Canaries are particularly remarkable for quickness and correctness of ear, for the great ease with which they exactly repeat musical sounds, and for their excellent memory. Not only do they imitate all the birds in whose neighbourhood they have been placed when young, mixing agreeably these songs with their own, whence have arisen those beautiful varieties which each family transmits to its descendants; but they also learn to repeat correctly two or three airs of a flute or bird-organ, and even to pronounce distinctly some short words. Females also

have been known to perform airs which they had been taught.

I shall conclude by pointing out the best rules for obtaining and preserving good singers. The most essential is to choose from among the young that which promises a fine tone, and to seclude it from all other birds, that it may learn and remember nothing bad. The same precaution is necessary during the first and second moulting; for being likely to re-learn (if I may say so) its song, it would introduce into it with equal ease foreign parts. It must be observed whether the bird likes to sing alone, or in company with others, for there are some which appear to have such whims, liking to hear only themselves, and which pout for whole years if they are not humoured on this point. Others sing faintly, and display their powers only when they can try their strength against a rival. It is very important to distribute regularly to singing birds the simple allowance of fresh food which is intended for the day. By this means they will sing every day equally, because they will eat uniformly, and not pick the best one day, and be obliged to put up with the refuse the next.—*Bechstein's Cage Birds.*

**LONDON SOLITUDE.**—In London any thing may be had for money; and one thing may be had there in perfection without it—that one thing is solitude. Take up your abode in the deepest glen, or on the wildest heath, in the remotest province of the kingdom, where the din of commerce is not heard, and where the wheels of pleasure make no trace, even there humanity will find you, and sympathy, under some of its varied aspects, will creep beneath the humble roof. Travellers' curiosity will be excited to gaze upon the recluse, or the village pastor will come to offer his religious consolations to the heart-chilled solitary; or some kind spinster, who is good to the poor, will proffer her kindly aid in medicine for sickness, or in some shape of relief for poverty. But in the mighty metropolis, where myriads of human hearts are throbbing—where all that is busy in commerce, all that is elegant in manners, all that is mighty in power, all that is dazzling in splendour, all that is brilliant in genius, all that is benevolent in feeling, is congregated together—there the penniless solitary may feel the depth of his solitude. From morn to night he may pensively pace the streets, envying every equipage that sweeps by him in its pride, and coveting the crusts of the unwashed artificer. And there shall pass him in his walks, poets that musically sing of human feeling, priests that preach the religion of mercy, the wealthy who pity the sorrows of the poor, the sentimental whose hearts are touched by the tale of woe—and none of these shall heed him; and he may retire at night to his bedless garret, and sit cold and hungry by his empty grate; the world may be busy, and cheerful, and noisy around him, but no sympathy shall reach him; his heart shall be as dry as Gideon's fleece, while the softening dews of humanity are falling around him.—*Atlas.*

**GENTLEMEN'S SHOW-SEATS.**—We think that in all gentlemen's seats which are considered show-places, it would be much more honourable to their owners, and preserve more impartial attention to strangers from their servants, to allow the payment for the sight to be voluntarily dropped into a box, as in the case of some foreign show-buildings and gardens, than to have it paid like a physician's fee, as at present. This box might be opened at certain times, and the money apportioned either among all the servants, or chiefly to the aged and infirm, or applied to some other benevolent or enlightened purpose.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

**WARM AFFECTIONS OF CATS.**—A favourite cat, much petted by her mistress, was one day struck by a servant. She resented the injury so much, that she refused to eat any thing given to her by him. Day after day he handed her dinner to her, but she sat in sulky indignation, though she eagerly ate the food as soon as it was offered to her by any other individual. Her resentment continued undiminished for upwards of six weeks. The same cat having been offended by the housemaid, watched three days until she found a favourable opportunity for retaliation. The housemaid was on her knees washing the passage, when the cat flew at her, and left indubitable marks on her arms that no one could ill-use her with impunity. It is, however, but fair to record her good qualities as well as her bad ones. If her resentment was strong, her attachment was equally so; and she took a singular mode of showing it. All the tit-bits she could steal from the pantry, and all the dainty mice she could catch, she invariably brought and laid at her mistress's feet. She has been known to bring a mouse to her door in the middle of the night and mew till it was opened, when she would present it to her mistress. After doing this, she was quiet and contented.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History, third series.*

EDINBURGH: Published by William and Robert Chambers, 19, Waterloo Place; and Orr & Smith, Paternoster Row, London. Agents—John Macleod, 50, Argyle Street, Glasgow; George Young, Dublin; and sold by all other Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Nova Scotia, and United States of America.

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Stereotyped by A. Kirkwood, St Andrew Street; and printed at the Steam-press of W. and R. Chambers.